Spauins, raied with the Yellowes, past cure of the Fiues, starke spoyl'd with the Staggers, begnawne with the Bots, Waid in the backe, and shoulder-shotten, neere leg'd before, and with a halte-chekt Bitte, and a headstall of sheepes leather, which being restrained to keepe him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girth sixe times peec'd, and a womans Crupper of velure which hath two letters for her name, fairely set down in studs, and heere and there peec'd with packthreed.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh sir, his Lackey, for all the world Caparison'd like the horse: with a linnen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartred with a red and blew list; an old hat, and the humor of fourty fancies prickt in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparell, and not like a Christian foot-boy, or a Gentlemans Lacky.

Tra. 'Tis some old humor prickes him to this fashion, yet oftentimes he goes but meane apparel'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoere he comes.

Bion. Why sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?

Bion. Who, that *Petruchio* came?

Bap. I, that *Petruchio* came.

Bion. No sir, I say his horse comes with him on his backe.

Bap. Why that's all one.

Bion. Nay by S. *Iamy*, I hold you a penny, a horse and a man is more then one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Come where be these gallants? who's at home?

Bap. You are welcome sir.

Petr. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparel'd as I wish you were.

Petr. Were it better I should rush in thus:
But where is *Kate*? where is is my louely bride?
How does my father? gentles me thinkes you frowne,
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some Commet, or vnusuall prodigie?

Bap.

Bap. Why sir, you know this is your wedding day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come,
Now sadder that you come so vnprouided:
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemne festiuall.

Tra. And tell vs what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so vnlike your selfe?

Petr. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to heare,
Sufficeth I am come to keepe my word,
Though in some part inforced to digresse,
Which at more leisure I will so excuse,
As you shall well be satisfied withall.
But where is *Kate*? I stay too long from her,
The morning weares, 'tis time we were at Church.

Tra. See not your Bride in these vnreuerent robes,
Goe to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not, I believe me, thus Ile visit her.

Bap. But thus I trust you will not marrie her.

Pet. Good sooth euen thus: therefore ha done with words,
To me she's married not vnto my clothes:
Could I repaire what she will weare in me,
As I can change these poore accoutrements,
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my selfe.
But what a foole am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my Bride?
And seale the title with a louely kisse.

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire,
We will perswade him be it possible,
To put on better ere he goto Church.

Bap. Ile after him, and see the euent of this.

Tra. But sir; Loue concerneth vs to adde
Her fathers liking, which to bring to passe
As before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man what ere he be,
It skills not much, weele fit him to our turne,
And he shall be *Vincentio* of *Pisa*,
And make assurance heere in *Padua*
Of greater summes then I haue promised,